

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY ENDORSES THE DOG SHOW

Bill Gossette Chimes in With the Four Hundred.

THE GREEN EYED MONSTER

Aged Philosopher's Learned Disquisition on Envy — Tells Uncle Zeb Not to Worry on Account of Jealousy of Others — Old Dankey's Unique Complaint — Vicissitudes and Diversities of Human Nature.

DOG shows, like horse shows, are becoming very popular. In fact, anything that society attaches to the back of a dog, into a high life like a small boy shooting up from a spring-board, and I want to see my endorsement right there of the dog show. I notice that some very fine ladies are exhibiting some very superior canines in the New York show, and while some of them are spoken of as "beauties," the newspaper illustrations don't strike me that way. However, everybody does see pictures the same way, because I was told that the cut of myself in last Sunday's paper was a beautiful flattery. I didn't think so. The universal dictionary defines dog as a well known animal belonging to the genus canis and is spoken of in ancient history. I might like to add that he is a quadruped very much in evidence at the present time, and if there is any doubt as to who he belongs, a touch with your cane or the business end of your back will bring the owner to light in short order. It is stated that a dog is a man with his tail between his legs, and that a man will fight for his dog when he won't resent a slight to himself from the same fellow who kicks the canine. However, this is not strange, for the dog is regarded as the most faithful of the brute creation and love better than if it is only in a dog. I am really very glad to see the dog getting up in the world, for, indeed, I am always rejoiced to see anything so to the front if its nose is more than a dog and both the dog and his endorser have my hearty endorsement.

"While it grieves this great heart of mine, Uncle Zeb, to record it, and tears unbidden to my eyeballs, and cheeks like April rain drops on the window pane, yet it is a fact that there are some mean people upon this mundane sphere on which we are supposed to grovel for our cheese and crackers. These superior fellows, who are modified conservatives in conformity with the existing general conciliatory condition of affairs at home and abroad, and the above reduced or more properly stated, nice as we are, there are a few who don't get up quite so high on the delectable heights of goodness and greatness as ourselves. It has been written that of the three great virtues, charity was the greatest. No would like to add that of the four last of evils, envy, possibly, has no rival in its death-dealing, happiness-destroying, joy-crushing effect. When envy finds a resting place in the heart, the foul sickness of the mind is quickly permeated through the system until the jaundiced eye of pettiness sees all things distraught and the depraved imagination reads evil written upon the open face of good, while the fiery fiend works upon the demon-like delirious suggestion, until he imagines he has found the black stain of impurity in the whitest virgin's soul. The purest motives are sometimes impugned, and a little success, no matter how hard the labor by which it is obtained, is often grieved by the gaping crowd of knaves, who hate you for your good fortune and crush their teeth and shoot the arrows of their false judgment from the cover of their obscurity, whence they have

HEART DISEASE. SOME FACTS REGARDING THE RAPID INCREASE OF HEART TROUBLES.

Do Not Be Alarmed, But Look For The Cause.

Heart troubles, at least among the Americans, are certainly increasing and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion. Real organic disease is incurable, but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic. The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by the same great nerves, the Sympathetic and Pneumogastric. In another way, also, the heart is affected by the form of poor digestion, which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food. There is a feeling of oppression and heaving in the chest, caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath. Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart. The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food. This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which are found at most drug stores and which contain valuable, harmless digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form. It is safe to say that the regular persistent use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal times will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. Full sized package of these tablets sold by druggists at 25 cents. Little book on stomach troubles mailed free. Address: F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. 1c22,24,26

no wings to soar, and where upon the level of the groundling and the fool, they are destined to ignobly perish."

The above is in substance what I said to Uncle Zeb after he had vented his wounded feelings to me in the following distressed story:
"Mornin', Mars William; mornin' to yo'. I char well, I had sum purty wether since de snu' stop de groun' hog, and maybe Misser Perkins or Misser Picini dun kill him. I hope dey is, cos dat groun' hog do surely make 'er heap 'er trouble. But, Mars William, I cumes to see yo' dis mornin' 'bout 'er cumber 'portant matter. Thanks, sah; I use only tolerable dis mornin', and I want to leeb my mine ob 'er hebbly load. Yo' see, Mars William, eber since yo's bin 'er puttin' me in de Ginian and Pilot paper I've bin gittin' ob 'er heap ob 'portance 'mong de 'er cumber siety. But 'er few ob dem, who would likes fer to hab de hole 'arf, wid 'er barb-wire gale fence round it, is talkin' 'bout me in 'er very unbecumin' fashion. One ob 'em went so fur as to say dey didn't see what skuse I had for bin', just like I was 'er paper, and didn't put no news in it. Den I's hearn ob seberal things was bin dun in 'er underhan' way, just kase I seems to be gittin' long better dey is. Mars William, yo' knows 'er squar nigger, an' I cant nebbor trust to me de nigger any what, but what he looks, an' I just wish yo' tell me wat to do 'bout it. I goes long tendin' to my business and don't pester long nobody, and I just want see why dese niggers keeps pickin' arter me. I was tellin' 'er Misser Griggy 'bout it, fo' yo' cums in de mornin' 'bout it. Uncle Zeb, don't pay no fashun to it. I's just sunbudy wots jesus ob yo'. Why, don't yo' kno' sum people is jesus ob yo', Mars William. Taint worth nothin'. Thanks, sah, I'll try and ferget it. Yo' see, de mornin' is cummin' here nex' week. Golly, Mars William, I hope yo' kin git me 'er ticket. At rite, Mars Williams, I won't worry no more 'bout dis fashun. Thanks, sah; thanks, sah, Mars William; good-by and de Lord bless yo'."

Human nature is a mighty queer thing and as variegated in its make-up as the pieces in a crazy quilt. You ride uptown in a trolley car and one lady will snuggly give his seat to a lady while the fellow sitting beside him couldn't see she was standing, not even if her tribby was upon his big No. 10s. One man will pay his subscription to the paper, while another borrows his neighbor's city directory, without thinking of the fact that if every body did likewise Mr. Hill couldn't print the book. A woman will go shopping and make the clerk pull down a thousand dollars' worth of goods and spend five cents. The average man will about fifteen cents' worth of merchandise and spend all his money. One woman will enjoy and appreciate an eloquent sermon, while her companion to the sacred edifice will see only the fills in her neighbor's skirt, or the character of feathers in the pastor's wife's bonnet. Then, you occasionally run across a chap who takes in the full quota of the bright side of life, while his fellow laborer hasn't sense enough to appreciate a pleasant and goes stammering through life like a school boy stumbling over a simple arithmetical problem. You occasionally find a man who wants to wear port-cents and be a remnant seeker and culinary overseer, who prefers to purchase the children's dresses and wife's clothes, while she remains at home like a galley-slave; then there are others who would kick if they had a paper wanted them to buy her a pair of pins. These things will be, however, and from the cradle to the grave men and women, too, will trot along the pathway of life seeing both sides, and sometimes both sides at the same time. The world, however, moves on in a sweet, childlike and artless manner, and from the boy who, after hating snow ball through a neighbor's window, plants his wet trembling hands in his trousers pockets and loudly whistles a gospel hymn, the veteran sinner, who sips his julep and waves his gloves with an air of conscious purity, the little transgressions will be found in every day life. I believe I am and things are made up in this diversified manner, because a change is always refreshing and is only to remove your old coat, give it a good dusting and put it on again.

ILL GOSSETTE. INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY. WONDER BOOKER REACHED ADVANCED AGE OF 125 YEARS.

Wonder Booker, a colored man, who died in 1819 in Princess Anne county, aged one hundred and twenty-six years, attained a greater age than any one who ever lived in this part of the country and about whom there is reliable information. He was a remarkably fine specimen of physical excellence from his birth, which occurred in 1693, when his mother was nearly "three score." She was actually only fifty-eight years when the child was born, but will doubtless be excused for giving him the appropriate name "Wonder" notwithstanding. This prodigy grew rapidly and proportionately, had the best of health and enjoyed fully one hundred years of vigorous manhood. He worked in his son's garden at the age of one hundred and twenty years. Where Wonder Booker was born is not perfectly clear. He might have first seen the light in Princess Anne county, which was formed from Norfolk county nine years before his birth, or he might have been brought over from Elizabeth City county, where Colonel Thorogood, who named this part of the State "Norfolk," first settled before he came over to Ray Shore, in Princess Anne county. But he was born in 1693, and died in 1819, in Princess Anne. A female servant of this wonderful family in Princess Anne, reached the ripe old age of one hundred and twenty years. She died from grief at the loss of her dear old mistress, who lived ninety-nine years, eleven months and thirty days—lacking just one day of a hundred years.

Newspaper and Periodical Stamps. Postmaster Waddy has received from the Postoffice Department a fine collection of newspaper and periodical stamps, and they are on sale at the postoffice in sets at \$5 each. Each set contains twelve stamps.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

Not many years ago, when it was learned that the most beautiful and desirable thoroughbred stallion in the United States was to be sold at auction in New York, there was great excitement among horsemen all over the country, and speculation was rife as to what price he would bring and who would be the fortunate purchaser. Many gentlemen of wealth looked carefully over their bank accounts, and not a few were prepared to sign big checks on the day that imported St. Blaise was led into the auction ring.

The day of sale had arrived in New York, and so had many horsemen, rich and poor—the rich to bid; the poor to see it well done. The auctioneer was serious. He was at the top of his profession, and had on more than one occasion added many dollars to the price of a horse by the neat phrases of his clever descriptions. He knew there were present some dozen or more millionaires, who wanted the horse, besides scores of moderately rich men, but he felt that he could find no words appropriate to this occasion. He simply said: "Bring in St. Blaise."

The magnificent chestnut bounded into the ring, his coat gleaming and changing shade like satin in the sunshine. Graceful in his movements, he stood still and presented a living picture of equine beauty that fairly dazzled the assemblage. Every one present felt the spell; you could have almost heard a feather fall.

The silence was finally broken by the auctioneer, who said: "Gentlemen, what am I offered for the great son of Hermit?" There was no reply to the auctioneer's question. After waiting some moments, he again asked for a bid. Mr. Charles Reed, a comparatively poor man, arose from his seat and quietly said: "I'll give one hundred thousand dollars."

The admiration was now divided between the horse and Mr. Reed. No such plucky bid for a horse had been heard in New York before. Although there were several men present willing to give more than one hundred thousand dollars for St. Blaise, no one would bid against Mr. Reed, and the horse was knocked down to him after the first and only bid.

"THE HORSE OF THE CENTURY." When his title owner sold Ormonde, to be exported to South America, the English horsemen were indignant and could not understand how one of their countrymen could consent to let the handomest race horse in the world leave England. But it leaked out that Ormonde was a roarer and that his owner thought the climate of South America would prove more suitable to a horse affected with throat trouble than that of foggy England. Besides, there was a worthy son of Ormonde, who took his place, and the price was a stiff one.

This greatest of living thoroughbreds made a safe voyage to his new home below the equator, where the climate seemed to agree with him. He was as highly appreciated in South America as he had been in England, and many were the tempting offers that his new owner refused. But there was a young Californian, Mr. MacDonald, who considered the balmy air of his native State the most suitable to just such a horse as Ormonde, and he succeeded in buying "the horse of the century" for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Ormonde made another safe voyage to New York, thence to his California home, where he is likely to spend the rest of his life. He would probably still roar if sent any distance at speed—which doesn't detract from his value as a sire, because it is a pretty well established fact that roaring is not hereditary.

It would be interesting to know just what country could match this quarter-of-a-million-dollar pair of thoroughbreds—St. Blaise and Ormonde.

HIGH-PRICED TROTTERS.

Trotters began to sell for high prices as early as 1838, when Mr. McDonald, of Baltimore, paid eight thousand dollars for Flora T. Apple. Flora was sold as a four-year-old for thirteen thousand dollars, and again for sixty-eight dollars, and another time for four thousand dollars, before Mr. McDonald bought her. In 1862, California Dan sold for eleven thousand dollars. About this time Mr. Robert Bonner, who never bit in his life, and who was more than any other man the trotting horse owner, a lasting debt of gratitude for his elevation to the ranks of respectable sports, came on the market. Prices advanced rapidly. In 1894, Mr. Bonner bought the Arabian Horse for thirteen thousand and five hundred dollars. In 1895, Young Dan sold for twenty-five thousand; the next year, Dexter for thirty thousand. He paid forty thousand for Maud S., and forty-one thousand for Dan and five hundred for the Arabian. It was thought that these prices for trotters were reached, but they had not. Mr. A. H. Moore gave seventy-five thousand for Dexter. Mr. C. W. Williams refined one hundred thousand for Arcton, but afterwards sold him for one hundred and fifty thousand. Mr. J. Mahomed bought the Arabian, and twenty-five thousand for the two-year-old colt, Arion, in 1897.

There has been a speculation of recent times in the price of horses for the past few years. But as the wave of prosperity approaches our shores, prices now rise on its preceding tide, and when it breaks, a crash and hurra! will resolve their full share of its boundless flood.

A better class of horse is already demanded, and the supply of such horses is not equal to the demand, nor can the supply be quickly increased, for it takes some years to produce a mature horse, fit for road or track. As people realize that good horses are scarce, they will be all the more anxious to buy them, and the common law of supply and demand will apply, and the price of horses as it does to the prices of other things.

Yongsters of the right sort are not scarce for a season at the present time, six yearlings by the champion trotting stallion, Direction, 2:07 1/2, recently sold at auction for eight thousand, six hundred and thirty dollars. Charles Ackinson, the capable trainer of Dan Macomber's horse, has lately returned from New York, where he purchased Bow Belle, Jr., by Dan and Too Soon, by Alton, both of these young horses are really bred in their maternal line. Bow Belle, Jr., is a beauty, and Charles thinks "Too Soon" will be a good horse. Bow Belle was to get first money. Besides these two new ones, Charles has at Macomber's track Lady Maury, two year old record, 2:12 1/2; Irene, 2:24 1/2; Smith O'Brien, 2:32 1/2; Wilton Boy, 2:21 1/2, and others. What New York horse men would old friend, C. W. Williams, of Alexandria and Alton, fame. Mr. Williams is reported to be as modest and original as ever. At his sale in New York he candidly pointed out such of his horses as he did not think worth an amount to much an unusual race-ding-and-race purchaser the privilege of returning any

The Opportunity Yours--The Loss Ours

THIS WEEK WILL WIND UP THE SHOE SALE AT HOFHEIMER'S.

Don't miss the closing days, for they will be full of interest to everybody that will need Shoes in the near future. What remains of goods exposed for sale are remnants, and we are determined not to keep them if the price will move them. We have, therefore, consolidated and bunched together all small lots, and cut the price even from what they have been all during this sale. Some of the very best Shoes, both for men and women, are still here, and your size, too, can be found.

'Tis impossible to quote but a few of the hundreds of different styles and prices that remain, but your special attention is called to **THE PRICE LIST BELOW**, which will give you an idea of the relentless price cutting we have done to sell every pair of Shoes that are left on the racks and tables.

One lot Misses' Button Shoes that were \$1.25, now.....	69c. a pair	Men's Solid Leather Lace and Congress Shoes. Some in the lot worth as much as \$2.00 a pair.....	NOW 98c.
One Rack of Ladies' Oxford Ties, worth from \$2.00 to \$4.00 a pair, marked from 98c. to.....	\$1.98 a pair	200 pairs Ladies' Storm and Low Cut Rubber Shoes; the 35c. and 50c. grade, at.....	10c. a pair
One lot of Ladies Shoes, heeled and spring heel, worth \$1.00 to \$1.50. Because there are no two pairs alike they go at.....	49c. a pair	One lot Misses' Lace and Button Shoes, that we have been selling at \$1.75, for.....	98c. a pair
One rack of Ladies' Shoes, consolidation of high grades, most all sizes in this lot, at.....	\$1.45 pair	All our \$7.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 Men's Tan Shoes have been reduced to.....	\$2.24 a pair
One lot of Boys' Shoes, not a pair worth less than \$1, some are worth more, at.....	47c. a pair	One lot of \$5.00 Patent Leather Shoes for men's wear, hand-sewed, Newark made, at.....	\$2.48 a pair

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328 Main Street, NORFOLK.
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LETTER FROM CUBA

His Experience With Mosquitoes, Monkeys and Senoritas.

The Trip From Savannah to Havana — Jabbering Cubans — The Weather — Some Interesting Sightings — A Recipe for Making 'Shadow' Soup.

Mr. J. A. Wyatt, of No. 16 Falkland street, has received a letter from his nephew, Private Frank Totty, of Company B, Fourth Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, doing garrison duty in Cuba. The following extracts will be read with interest by those of our people who may have friends or relatives in that regiment:

Camp Columbia, Havana, Cuba, February 18, 1899.

Dear Uncle—As the golden sun has just disappeared over the hills of Cuba and the little monkeys have ceased their daily toil of throwing cocoa nuts at the "boys in blue," I will drop you a few lines. The little mosquitoes have begun their evening performance. They first have drawn parade and then they sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which I must say sounds sweetly to a tired soldier, even when sung by a hungry mosquito.

SCHOOLBOYS OF TEARS.

I will give you a few incidents of soldier life as I have experienced and observed them, beginning at Savannah, Ga., which we left for Havana, December 15, 1898. The good people there gave us a grand send off. Girls we had never seen before fell on our necks and wept large schoolboys of tears.

We had a gay time coming over in the transport. It was amazing to see the boys feel the dip. They (the boys) threw up everything but their job. To keep up the performance, I suggested that a detail of the sickest be made to throw up the baggage from the hold. My stomach felt like I imagined the boys feel the dip. They were to take it for a race track and were each doing their best to win. I guess this sensation was due to the grub we ate—canned horse and hard tack. One of the boys even found a hame strap. Well, we held on to our socks, but the

LETTER FROM CUBA

captain ordered "heave up the anchor." Fortunately no one had been foolish enough to swallow it, and the order was not enforced.

JABBERING CUBANS. We are kept busy now trying to talk to the Cubans. Of all the jabbering I ever heard they excel. But we keep on trying to understand and they keep on jabbering. Both are kept busy.

The weather here is fine. I slept on a stump last night and to-day I feel like a coil of condemned lead pipe. A fellow can't sleep very much here unless he is a contortionist and can lie down and stand up at one and the same time. I have assumed about forty different shapes in half as many minutes and upset the ink bottle over six times.

I am hungry and never felt so much like eating in my life. In fact, I have felt that way for three weeks. I asked the doctor for something to eat, but he said I didn't want to evaporate. He was elaborate. I then desired to know how long a soldier could live without eating and was informed that in most cases three weeks. It was 3:30 p. m. and I told him that according to his calculation I had just twenty minutes to live. However, I knocked his figures out by continuing to live.

SOME INTERESTING SIGHTS.

One of the many sights to be seen here is the little Cuban kids. It is a very inexpensive country to raise human kids in, as they run around with less than enough clothes on to pad a crutch.

Another interesting sight is the Cuban senoritas. They carry a large supply of powder of the smokeless brand on their faces and are excellent shots. Many of our soldier boys have been wounded by the sweet smiles and bright eyes of these Cuban maidens and will make this land their future abiding place. As for me, I would rather be a wooden apple in a cast iron orchard than general of all Cuba, with license to do as I pleased.

SHADOW SOUP.

Excuse me for a few minutes, uncle. Our chef, Henry Bean, is blowing and must get my share of shadow soup. It's a queer dish. Thinking you would appreciate it I obtained the recipe. Here it is:

Take 20 quarts of filtered water, put in a vessel and agitate it with a slow

LETTER FROM CUBA

fire until it begins to boil, when you must insert your left hand and stir it softly for five hours. Stirring the soup with your right. At the expiration of this time add three large sized bones, a little salt and battery, and two bars of soap. Continue to stir until the whole is thoroughly mixed.

DIRECTIONS. Select a nice place to lie down, drink the shadow soup, mentally bid good-bye to all things else, and trust in your Creator. There is nothing else to be done.

Your nephew, FRANK TOTTY, Co. B, 4th Va. Volunteers.

QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, PNYN-PECTORAL

The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS. LARGE BOTTLES, 25 CTS. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd., PHOEB'S PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, FOR SALE BY J. C. GORSUCH.

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